

Origin of the Blanket.

It was in the winter of 1340 that the blanket was first introduced. Its inventor, Thomas Blanket, was a Flemish merchant, who had settled in Bristol, and had fallen from affluence to want. He used a piece of rough, unfinished cloth as a bed cover, and these articles, to which he gave his own name, won him wealth.

Neither Despise Nor Oppose What You Do Not Understand



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the assassination in 1541 of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. Pizarro, whose courage and daring had won for Spain a new empire and for himself great riches, ruled at Adelantado with an iron hand. Rebellion among his followers resulted in a plot in which he and his brother were killed.

When a Girl Marries

By Nell Brinkley.

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"DON'T you see that I can't wear that robe?" I asked suddenly, with a feeling that if only I could appeal to the kindness and consideration I had felt all through that humiliating evening of Jim's absorption in Evvy I might find in him a real friend after all.

"Can't? Can't? Won't you mean because after all my longing to be a real friend to you still distrust me—dislike me, I sometimes fear."

Tom laughed shortly, a curt, hurt, mirthless laugh. And I was even a little more sorry for him than I had been the moment before, and conscious too, in a corner of my brain that Jim was taking an unaccountably long time to say good-night to Evvy.

"I haven't trusted you," I said honestly. "And besides, I never could see why a married woman should need men friends if her marriage is perfect. But here in this big city friendships with men seem taken for granted, almost forced on women by society, and even by their husbands. I see now that such friendship may be broadening and fine, and honest and, after all, too, and never take anything or want to take anything that belongs to love."

Tom again presumed. "You dear, solemn little preacher-lady!" said Tom, in a low, vibrating voice. "There isn't another girl in all the world like you! I want your friendship. I want it. Can't I have it?"

"If you were always like tonight," I began half doubtfully, and then Jim came across the sidewalk. He was whistling and whirling his cane faultily, and his limp seemed jaunty, too.

"That Evvy's girl's a tonic," he said. He spoke as if he were explaining. "She's a nice kid. So's Phoebe. They hit it off remarkably. It was a pretty good party, wasn't it, Tommy?"

"It was," echoed Tom. "It wasn't!" he said to the edge of my lips, and I had to bite them hard to force back my exclamation.

"Shall we drop you at home?" asked Jim.

"Please," replied Tom, and so we whirled across his street, bade him good-night and then rolled on again in a little stream of unimportant conversation about the musical comedy and its star and what a wonderful lobster Thermidor Perre, of the Walgrave, prepares.

I didn't trust myself to say a serious word. I might have burst out with a plea that Jim be a little more circumspect in his treatment of Evvy when I had intended talking with Jim to tell me a little more about his new friend.

"You're as quiet as no mouse never was. Mooning about Betty again?" Jim demanded.

Then I realized that he hadn't even asked about our discovery of Betty's whereabouts.

That marked a milestone in our marriage. Jim is, Jim always will be, my man. A change has come into the meaning of those words. He is my man to live, to "take to," to share my days and my life with. But not my thoughts, not my experiences. I can't tell those to Jim when he is having thoughts and hopes and experiences of his own. Because then mine won't interest him.

He doesn't think of me as having a life of my own, under the surface and hidden away in thoughts. He can just look at me—at the outer shell of me—and know how I feel and what I want because I am his wife. And I want to tell him about the things that are mine.

Her Husband's Voice. Suddenly I heard Jim's voice, irritated and commanding. Then I realized that I had been so concerned with thinking things out for myself that I hadn't answered him.

"Now, look here, Anne, things have changed," he was saying. "Our days of skimping and saving and living like hermits are over. We can afford to do differently now. And, by Jove, when I speak of an evening's good time, I'd like to have the satisfaction of seeing my wife have a good time."

"I did. I will try," I began, consciously.

And, then, fortunately, the taxi drew up at our door. Taxis had been few and far between in our lives hitherto, but when we took one it had been my habit to wait with Jim while he paid the fare. I wanted to be cold as long as he was, or brave the rain while he did. But tonight I ran into the hall without waiting for Jim.

A tall figure rose from the divan in the corner and came toward me. It didn't need the English uniform to tell me that it was Terry. No other man walked with such a protective stoop and such a springy, impatient stride.

"Betty," he said, in greeting, and with no thought or consciousness that other greeting might be customary. "Betty. Have you learned anything, Anne?"

I reached my hands up to his shoulders.

"Terry, lad, we've found her. And she's all right. Just—having a rest," I said, wondering how he'd take his good news, wondering if his deep feeling would break through his habitual reserve.

(To Be Continued.)

What She Wanted.

Fortune had dawned for him at last; he was rich. With tears of joy in his eyes he rushed to the wife of his bosom and told her the news.

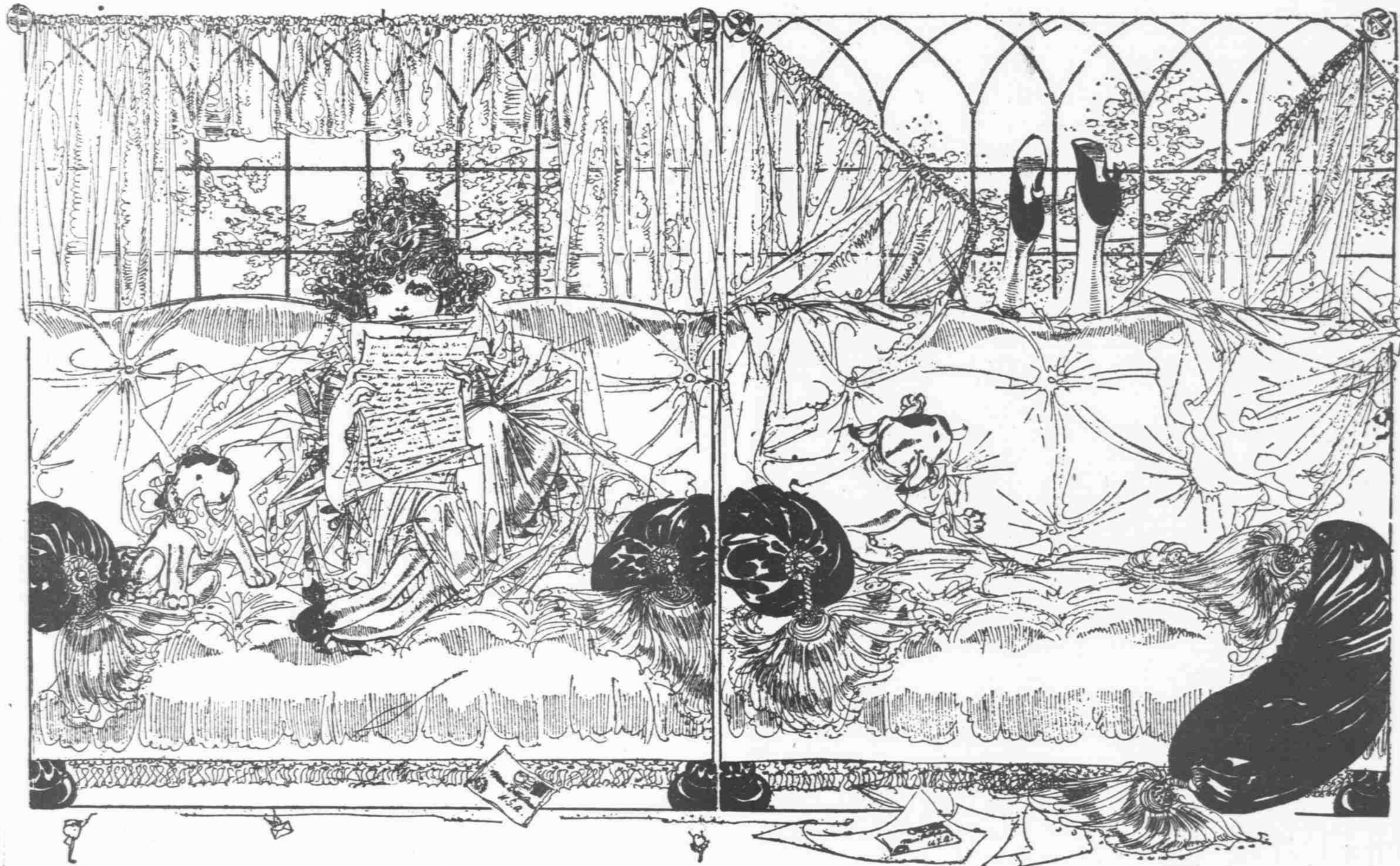
"We will move to a better house," he answered; "and you, my dear, will be able to have some decent clothes at last."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" retorted the lady sharply. "I'll get the same kind that other women are wearing!"

"For I'm Not Coming Home—"

That Is, I'm Not Coming Home in August—

I'm Coming in July—Your Loving Bill, V. C., D. S. O., D. S. M.



HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaner, decides to pass up activities of city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Thomas Regan, stock operator, comes Alvarez Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by Morgan in the old pirate days. Regan has an idea.

Young Morgan sails for South America in pursuit of the treasure. He is joined by encounters a strange young woman who appears to mistake him for some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the Angelique.

Francis learns that he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of Sir Henry Morgan.

Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar feeling upon first meeting him. He is a South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is told of the death of galleons and Henry is arrested in his place. Francis finds her father's plot to save Henry.

Francis, George and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel.

"Some mess wrapped around that propeller," Francis applauded. "Henry, salute."

"Now if the wind holds—" said Henry modestly.

The Angelique sailed on, leaving the motionless tug to grow smaller in the distance, but not so small that they could not see her drift helplessly onto the shoal and see men going over the side and wading about.

"We just must sing our little song," Henry cried jubilantly, starting up the stove of "Back to the Mainmast."

"Which is all very nice, sir," Captain Trefethen interrupted at the conclusion of the first chorus.

"But the wind has ceased, sir. We are becalmed. How are we to get out of Juchitan Inlet without wind? The Dolores is not wrecked. She is merely delayed. Some nigger will go down and clear her propeller, and then she has us right where she wants us."

"It's not so far to shore," Henry adjudged with a measuring eye as he turned to Enrico.

"What kind of a shore have they got, here, Senor Solano?" he queried. "Maya Indians and haciendas—"

"Haciendas and Mayas, both," Enrico answered. "But I know that country well. If the schooner is not safe, we should be safe ashore. We can get horses and saddles and beef and corn. The Cordilleras are here, and pull back into the Angelique."

"Was born in the saddle, and in the saddle here are few Americans who would not weary," came Enrico's answer. "It would be well, with your acquiescence, to swing out the long boat in case the Dolores appears upon us."

CHAPTER VIII. "It's all right, skipper. It's all right," Henry assured the captain, who, standing on the beach with them, seemed loath to say farewell, and pull back into the Angelique.

word—diversion. And it is even nicer when you see it work."

"But if it don't work," Captain Trefethen protested, "then will it spell a confounded word, which I may name as catastrophe."

"That is what happened to the Dolores when we tangled her propeller," Henry laughed. "But we do not know the meaning of that word. We use diversion instead."

The proof that it will work is that we are leaving Senor Solano's two sons with you. Alvarado and Martinez know the passages like a book. They will pilot you out with the first favoring breeze. The Jefe is not interested in you. He is after us, and when we take to the hills he'll be on our trail with every last man of them."

"Don't you see?" Francis broke in. "The Angelique is trapped. If we remain on board he will capture us, and the Angelique as well. But if we make the diversion of taking to the hills, he pursues us. And, of course, he won't catch us."

"But suppose we lose the skipper?" the swarthy skipper persisted. "If she goes on the rocks I will lose her, and the passages are very perilous."

"Then you will be paid for her, as I've told you before," Francis said, with a show of rising irritation.

"Also are there my numerous expenses," Francis pulled out a pad and pencil, scribbled a note, and passed it over, saying:

"Present that to Senor Melchor Gonzalez at Bocas del Toro. It is for a thousand gold. He is the banker; he is my agent, and he will pay it to you."

Captain Trefethen stared incredulously at the scribbled bit of paper.

"Making It Good. "Oh, he's good for it," Henry said.

"Yes, sir. I know, sir, that Mr. Francis Morgan is a wealthy gentleman of renown. But how wealthy is he? Is he as wealthy as I modestly am? I own the Angelique, free of all debt. I own two town lots, unimproved, in Colon. And I own four waterfront lots in Colon that will make me very wealthy when the Union Fruit Company begins the building of the warehouses."

"How much, Francis, did your father leave you?" Henry queried, eagerly. "Or, rather, how many?"

Francis shrugged his shoulders as he answered vaguely. "More than I have fingers and toes."

"Dollars, sir?" queried the captain.

Henry shook his head sharply. "Thousands, sir?"

Again Henry shook his head. "Millions, sir?"

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

THE next morning Sir Launcelot and Puss Junior left the Castle of Briers and continued their journey. The Knight felt very friendly toward his little comrade, for Puss Junior by his watchfulness had probably saved Sir Launcelot's life, and the latter, at the earnest request of the fair lady, had spared the life of the wicked lord. For Sir Launcelot was ever ready to grant the request of a lady, as were all the famous Knights of the Round Table.

"Twelve pears hanging high. Twelve knights riding by. Each knight took a pair. And yet left a dozen there."

Sir Launcelot reined in his steed and stood quietly watching the scene. They were the Knights of Castle Briers and for them Sir Launcelot had no further use. When he had ridden away, he and Puss Junior rode up to the pear tree and pulled off some fruit. "There were exactly twenty-four pears on the tree," cried Puss.

"For the sake of argument, let us say there were only twelve pears," cried Sir Launcelot. "I will agree with you," laughed Puss Junior, "provided your fruit is in pairs and my pears are in dozens!"

Before the good knight could reply a great roar rushed out from the woods and made for them.

It was an ugly beast, infuriated by an arrow which was stuck in his side, probably received during the chase.

Snorting with fright, Sir Launcelot's steed jumped to one side, barely escaping the beast's task.

But, alas! and alack! Poor little Puss Junior was thrown from the saddle. In vain he tried to cling to Sir Launcelot. The armor was slippery and afforded no hold, and he slipped to the ground just as the bear turned and made for them a second time.

Puss drew his sword and made up his mind to die like a brave cat. And no doubt he would have been killed had not the knight rushed upon the beast with his great spear, killing him before he reached Puss.

"Little comrade," cried Sir Launcelot, "twas thou who last night saved my life, and today 'tis I who have saved thine. Thus do the fortunes of war turn. Climb up behind me, and we will journey forward, leaving the wild beast for the wicked lord to remove, for they are of a kind, the two of them."

So on rode Sir Launcelot and Puss Junior, through the greenwood, until toward evening they came to a rocky valley, at the farther end of which, built upon high rocks, stood a castle. "Let us hasten forward," said the knight, "for we may find shelter there before darkness comes and hides the path."

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(To Be Continued.)

Can You Run the House?

By Loretto C. Lynch.

WITH graduation day occurring all over our land, many letters are coming to me asking what the future offers for those who become proficient along home economic lines. Home economics embrace every phase of home making—house furnishing and decoration, planning meals, marketing, cooking and serving. Then also are included sewing, home nursing, care of babies, laundry work and cleaning, sanitation and household management.

Besides becoming a teacher of home economics, this field offers innumerable opportunities to trained workers. The war has brought us to an extraordinary realization of the need for trained home makers. When the call came for trained dietitians in the homes for war workers it was almost impossible to fill the need.

There was a ridiculously small number of women whose services were available as helpers in the homes of those of us who gave our time and energy to other work for which we were among the few qualified. Despoilers of food wanted forty and fifty dollars a month to destroy, by their impossible methods, our all too scarce food.

And whether we wish to admit it or not, matter what the opportunities are nor what the remuneration, down deep in the heart of every normal woman is the desire to be mistress of a home of her own. The great majority of women marry. Only too frequently do girls take this responsibility upon themselves without any preparation whatsoever. And upon its home-makers does the welfare of any nation depend.

Can anyone imagine a man paid a fair wage for his work coming to a clean home and a well-cooked meal being the kind of man who seeks to destroy home and happiness?

It has often seemed strange to me how willingly parents pay to have their girls learn stenography or typewriting, how gladly they allow their girls to give six months or a year to learn millinery, or any other good trade or profession. Yet statistics show that the average girl works but a very few years at her trade or profession, and then marries.

Yet, when I have talked to mothers whose girls received no training in the elementary school along the home economics line, and suggested and sometimes even begged these mothers to allow their girls even six months or a year's training in home economics, they either look at me in horror, or, if they have a veneer of culture, they smile a pitying smile at me and make their exit with decided speed. Yet they are perfectly willing to train them for a year or so in something they work at for a short time and begrudge training for what most married women work at until they pass beyond.

"I should certainly hate to work for that one you work for," remarked a maid who was calling on Mary. Mary worked for a lady, recently married, whose wealthy father was far-seeing enough to

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

permit her a two-year course in home economics.

"You take these women that think they know it all because they have been to one of these new fangled colleges for cooks," she continued, "and a girl has no livin' with them. Now, my madam, does drive us, but you can waste all you like and she never even knows it."

Yet Mary preferred to work for a woman wealthy, to be sure, but trained in the art of homemaking. Mary's employer did not fly by the rule if Mary did not accomplish a task in fifteen minutes that would be speedily accomplished if done within an hour.

For Mary's employer knew and was considerate. Yet, besides marriage, a girl well trained in this subject has many remunerative opportunities awaiting her. A woman manages the household keeping end of no less a hotel than the McAlpin, in New York city. Then, there always is an opportunity for a girl to use her talents in a tea room or pastry shop.

Not long ago I was asked to recommend a graduate for a tea room for the hours from 11 to 3, making dainty, artistic salads. The remuneration was \$16 for a six-day week. A girl with a little capital who has worked in a tea room and got some experience can open a little restaurant on tea room of her own. And the profits from a tea room well managed often makes one's income as a stenographer or milliner look decidedly slim.

I shall be glad to advise further any girl or woman who think of studying home economics, with a view to making her living.

Please inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

"The Iron Hunter," by Chase S. Osborn, former governor of Michigan, is the peculiarly American story of a man who rose from a menial job in a restaurant to the chair of the chief executive of the State. Mr. Osborn calls his book "The Iron Hunter" because many of its most vivid episodes were the result of his search for iron ore in the rugged Northwest. Then, too, there is a strange relationship between the character of the writer and the work he set himself to perform. Incidents are many which test the courage and prove the mettle of the man; there are picturesque adventures and thrills, and ever in the background the reader senses the presence of a strong, dominating personality. The Macmillan Company, New York, Net, \$2.

Simple Multiplication

A country-woman visiting a distant market town sent some hens home to her father. A day or two later she received the following telegram from him: "Don't send any more hens. Those you sent escaped, and although I scoured the neighborhood, I only found eleven."

In reply his daughter wired: "I only sent six!"

Doughnuts for Summer

SINCE the return of doughnuts to their own land numerous requests have come from distant lands to how to make these delectable dainties. Of course doughnuts and crullers are not food for invalids or delicate digestions. But, made of good ingredients, carefully proportioned and properly cooked, there is no dietetic reason why the average healthy adult may not enjoy them at least occasionally.

Doughnuts are crullers. They require a good-sized iron, pot filled half full of fat heated to the proper temperature for their cooking. Attempting to fry in too small a quantity of fat, or in poor economy, because more of the fat is absorbed apparently than when one has a goodly amount.

And here are some good recipes. All measurements are taken level. A standard half-pint measuring cup is used.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.

One cup milk, ¼ cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 or 2 eggs, ¼ grated nutmeg, flour. Scald and cool milk. When lukewarm add the yeast dissolved in water, salt, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Let rise again, and if too soft to handle, add more flour. Toss on floured board, pat and roll to three-fourth inch thickness. Shape with cutter and work between hands until round. Place on floured board, let rise one hour, turn and let rise again. Fry in deep fat and drain on brown paper. Cool, and roll in powdered sugar.

DOUGHNUTS 1.

On cup sugar, 2½ tablespoons shortening, 2 eggs, 2 cup milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1½ teaspoon salt, flour to roll.

Cream the shortening and add one-half sugar. Beat egg until light, add remaining sugar and combine mixtures. Add three and one-half cups flour, mixed and sifted with baking powder, salt and spices. Then enough more flour to make dough stiff enough to roll. Toss one-third of mixture on floured board, knead lightly, pat and roll out to one-fourth inch thickness. Shape with a doughnut cutter, fry in deep fat, take up on a wire spoon and drain on brown paper. Add remaining mixture, roll, shape and fry as before. Repeat. Doughnuts should come quickly to top of fat, brown on one side, then be turned to brown on the other side. Avoid turning more than once.

DOUGHNUTS 2.

Four cups flour, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons soda, 1½ teaspoons cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1½ tablespoons shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk, 1 egg.

Sift together flour, salt, soda, cream of tartar and spices. Work in shortening with tips of fingers. Add sugar, egg well beaten and sour milk. Stir thoroughly and toss on board thickly dredged with flour. Knead lightly, using more flour if needed. Roll dough out to one-fourth inch thickness. Shape, fry and drain. Sour milk doughnuts may be turned as soon as they come to top of fat, and frequently afterward.

The Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaels.

WE always loved our domicile and viewed it with much pride, we liked its shape, we liked its style, our taste it satisfied. This living room, we always said, was far the best in the house, with its cheerful red and carpet of bright green. On every shelf and every stand were loads of bric-a-brac. We thought we had a restful and a slightly little shack. But now, as round the place we glance, we see it's very punk. If we had only had a chance, we'd sell our home for junk. The reason nothing seems the same I'll readily explain. A lady with a mission came to view our poor domain. She had full many a loving cup and many a cross of war, when she looked at our home, she saw a horrid homestead; up her fame was known afar. But when she brought her cat to see, she saw a love so well she laughed aloud with gruesome glee, then fainted for a spell. When she could speak, in accents weak, she murmured to my wife: "This home is quite the wildest freak I've seen in all my life. But I will tell you what to do. Take all the furniture, the paper and the carpets, too, and give them to the poor. Then take the books and bric-a-brac and find them to the goat; send pictures, draperies and shades to regions far remote. You need gray wools, a carpet gray and one tall, spindling chair. If callers to your house should stray—just let them sit on air. One book upon a shelf's enough, one picture on the wall. This is the real artistic stuff, for which the swells all call." So if you see a junkman's cart, just send it to our door. We're going to have high, high art, we'll sit upon the floor.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

To extinguish a chimney on fire take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.

When clothing is stained with mud let it dry, then brush out as much as possible, and apply a mixture of salt and flour. Leave for a day or two in a dry place and then brush off.

Tissue-paper, or any soft paper, will brighten spectacle glasses, far better than cotton or linen.